

another, offering to do so for nothing. Then Justice Armstrong announced he'd perform ceremony for nothing, and give present to bride.

Washington.—"To the president of the U. S., from his only vice," inscription on book Vice-Pres. aMrshall sent to Pres. Wilson.

Cincinnati.—Immigration Inspector Thomas began proceedings against Geo. Perjou and Dan'l Neesan, Turkish priests, for collecting money for supposed religious work.

Harrison, N. J.—"That turkey hits the spot," said Jno. Richardson at Christmas dinner, "gimme another plate." He got it, and is in hospital.

New York.—"Jiu jitsu; it's easy," said Wm. Stendel, knocking man down on barroom floor. He was shot dead and slayer escaped.

New York.—Abandoned baby girl, 2 weeks old, found in hallway. Taken to Bellevue Hospital.

Pineville, Ky.—Two men killed in fight between deputy sheriffs of Belle county and gang of outlaws led by Jno. Hendrickson at Four Mile creek.

Bloomington, Ill.—Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson, wife of former vice president, is dead.

Paris.—"Siamese" twins, born face to face, fought. Are to be separated by operation.

London.—Geo. Monroe and Harry Fisher, American comedians, uit "Hullo Tango," because they couldn't make Britishers laugh.

London.—Queen Mother Alexandria has consented to destruction of late King Edward's private correspondence at importunities of King George, her son.

Dunkirk.—Escaped convict goes to guillotine for murder, smoking cigar. "Dunkirk people are all cowards," last words.

Famous Dr. John B. Murphy of Chicago says we are getting away from surgery and the research laboratory will be the physical salvation of the race. He's the good fellow who invented the "Murphy button," which any surgeon will button into you, if you have the price.

## GOOD OLD HOLY DAYS

Isn't it just great to have the home circle once more unbroken—to have the boys and the girls back beside the fireside as they were when little children, years ago?

Pa's all spruced up and ma's in such a fuss you can hardly get a word in edgewise. Even old maid sister, who's inclined most times, to be a bit bitter, is now touched with the prevailing spirit and in her tenderness toward the littler ones discloses what some fool man is missing.

But it's the far-traveled elder brother who is the star of this reunion. He's not a prodigal son, not by a long shot. Very little substance he has had to waste in riotous living; ma trained him too well for him to want to make a smudge that way. But he draws the fatted calf all right. And, say, maybe you think he can't get away with it!

Then there's a little sister, too—we mustn't overlook her. Sis has been down East to school. Getting polished or finished or something. Her little head is very full of wondrous wise lore and the language she talks is like it was lifted right out of the book. But it's good to have her home again, even though the candy boxes and flowers which come to her by express make us wonder if there's not a new home soon to be.

And so the merry days glide by, the truly holy days, when the best in all of us gets dusted off and treated to exercise. How they fly! It seems only yesterday that they began; and now they're almost over. But there's this to cheer us. Another year's coming. Life would become tiresome if all its days were holidays.